



COMING ROUND.

Patient. "THAT'S FINE PHYSIC, DOCTOR. I'M ANOTHER MAN ALREADY!"
 Doctor. "AH, YOU'LL SOON BE YOURSELF AGAIN!"

SOME FURTHER RULES.

[The authorities of Cheltenham College, according to Mr. J. R. DROGDA's letter in the *Times* of May 22, have issued the following instructions, amongst others, to "a parent, grand-parent, uncle, aunt or guardian," with regard to Coronation Exeats for Cheltonians:—"At no time in his visit must the boy be allowed to range the streets on foot among the crowds; no earlier trains (than those appointed) for arrival nor later trains for return can be entertained; no one will be allowed to combine the Royal Procession and the Naval Review; any transgression of the leave granted will be most severely punished; and, finally, no answer will be returned to requests for longer leave."]

1. Boys will only be permitted to range through the London thoroughfares in perambulators (Sixth Form in Bath chairs) during the Coronation festivities; these vehicles will be ranged at the arrival platform of Paddington Station (Great Western Railway), and will be propelled thence by specially-appointed Nursemaids through Hyde Park (by permission of GEORGE RANGER) to their respective destinations.

2. Every Infant in arms (being under the age of twenty-one) must obtain

from his Form Master a bib and feeding-bottle before starting; and will also be labelled "Fragile—This Side Up," with his name and the address of his oldest female relative in the metropolis. Any Infant up in arms against this regulation will be put in the corner and not allowed any jam with his powder.

3. There will be a roll-call of the school and of parents, grand-parents, uncles, aunts and guardians every half-hour throughout the day from the top of the Duke of York's Monument; the Royal Procession will halt while this very necessary precaution is being carried through. Defaulters will have all leave stopped and hampers confiscated for the rest of the year.

4. Any boy caught driving a locomotive, firing cannons in St. James's Park, blocking up the Tube with plaster of Paris, flying over Westminster Abbey in an airship, hanging on behind the Royal carriage or tampering with the Regalia will be severely and instantly exconfustigated *coram publico* according

to the College disciplinary code, and warned off the course.

4. No boy shall be allowed to range on his neighbour's foot, or assemble on anybody's pet corn during the excitement of the moment, nor play bee to any honeysuckle whilst on leave, nor change hats with his great-grandmother, nor partake of the King's Dinner without special permission. The penalty for infringement is five minutes alone with the Headmaster without right of appeal.

6. Every boy's pockets shall be sewn up for the greater discouragement of pickpockets, highway robbers, banditti, *et hoc genus omne*.

7. No boy shall see the Royal Processions and the Naval Review at the same time.

8. No trains, excursions, circuses, beanfeasts, wayzgooses, or any other aggregation of geese can be entertained during the exeat, as the College accommodation is limited.

9. Any person daring to criticise these regulations will be summarily and ignominiously ignored.

A COCK AND BEAR STORY.

M. Loubet on the Duplice.

If in reply to your so flattering toast
 France in my humble person here adopts
 The eager attitude of love at sight,
 Let not Imperial Majesty assume
 I have so short a memory for facts
 As not to recognise each polished phrase
 Uttered identically in my ears
 I dare not say how many times before.
 And when I too in much the same old terms
 Comment upon the military scene
 At which we have assisted, you and I—
 You on your charger, I upon a chair,
 You in your trappings, soldierly equipped,
 I in my uniform of evening dress,
 St. Andrew's ribbon slung athwart my shirt—
 When I dilate on your imposing troops,
 Their martial step, their movements so precise,
 Recalling vividly that time last year
 Which saw your MAJESTY, our honoured guest,
 Obliging review the flower of France—
 When I repeat that these fraternal armies
 Equally gallant, equally superb,
 Provide the usual guarantee of peace—
 When I, in short, rehearse those pious views
 Which, under pressure, one might take as read,
 You in your turn will recognise, I trust,
 That I have not disturbed our *status quo*
 By the interpolation of ideas.

Your MAJESTY, I wish to drink the health
 Of All the Russias coupled with your name.
 Barring the case of England and Japan
 I know no combination bound like ours
 By ties of Nature, History, Culture, Art,
 And absolute community of taste.
 The seed of revolution lies in both,
 With you more backward, but the soil is right.
 We both believe in liberty of speech,
 Though here you concentrate it in yourself
 While we dispense it round the race at large.
 We speak a common language—that of France;
 The same ideals animate our breasts;
 And if they travelled, which they never do,
 French genii would find themselves at home
 In this enlightened land, as yours with us.
 But for the trivial accident of birth
 Tolstoy, whom you delight to honour here,
 Might have adorned our noble Academie;
 And ROCHEFORT, rarest of Parisian scribes,
 In some Siberian dungeon might have cooled
 His ardour as an independent Pole.
 Again, the welcome I receive to-day
 Calls back the warm reception Moscow gave
 Another Chief of France before my time,
 Namely, NAPOLEON. Our glorious flags
 Share many proud traditions; thus, for instance,
 On the same field we fought at Inkerman,
 While at Fashoda neither fought at all.

Keenly alive to these historic links,
 Which supplement the bond of Nature's laws,
 Making the bare suggestion of divorce
 Unthinkably abhorrent to the mind;
 Nay, giving cause for wonder how it came
 That we contrived so long to live apart—
 I look towards your MAJESTY, and drink
 Deep to its dregs this fiery vodka-draught.

O. S.

A PALATIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

"MORNING and night the miller thrives," as *Grindolf*, the accomplished scoundrel, used to remark in the ancient musical melodrama of *The Miller and his Men*, which, changing Miller into Morton, CHARLES MORTON, and coupling with his name the Palace of Varieties, might well be applied to this experienced manager and the house of entertainment over which he presides. At the present time, and there is no time like the present, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, with his clever variety *troupe*, is giving his musical and dramatic sketches; his impersonations show him to have brought to perfection a dramatic power of illustration, in which art there is no one within measurable distance of him. All his items are good—some better than others; but, while most persons coming to be entertained do not object to shedding the silent tear (generally followed by blowing the resounding nose), they do object to too great a strain being made upon their finer feelings. As *Mr. Guppy* observed, "There *are* chords," and admiring immensely the power of pathos that Mr. CHEVALIER can exert so deftly, we shall be with the "vast majority," who dearly love a laugh, in reminding Mr. CHEVALIER that a little sentiment goes a long way, and that what his audience, when recurring to the entertainment, would always like to be able to exclaim is, "Laugh, lor', we thought we should ha' died!"

AWFUL POSSIBILITIES.

THE *Daily Chronicle's* special correspondent in Madrid sent an account of the recent bestowal of the Garter upon King ALFONSO by the Duke of CONNAUGHT, which makes one tremble for the gorgeous ceremonies of next month. The possibilities of breaches of etiquette loom before one with awful distinctness. It appears, to quote the *Chronicle's* own words, that at the recent investiture:—

"The KING was wearing a cadet uniform with long trousers, which the DUKE had failed to notice until after he had made the presentation speech."

Trousers! Fancy that, now!—as INSEN's characters are always saying. But the appalling results of this state of things only become clear as the account proceeds. Read on therefore:—

"It was an awkward moment, the ceremony having to be interrupted while the KING retired to change his uniform for that of a Commandant of Marines, with knee breeches."

It is dreadful to think what might have happened if the whole august ceremony of investiture had taken place with the blushing recipient remaining in trousers till the bitter end. Where on earth would he have put his Garter?

But the story would not be so alarming for Englishmen at least if they had not in their minds the thought of those complicated and stately functions next month. What will happen if at the Coronation, for example, the Hereditary Prince of DONNER UND BLITZEN turns up with no gold buttons to his waistcoat, or not enough gold lace on his breeches? Will the whole business have to stop while somebody sews them on? Supposing the Archbishop of CANTERBURY appears in socks of an uncanonical colour, or the Lord Great Keeper of the Backstairs sits on his wand and breaks it, will it invalidate the entire ceremony?

But let us hope all this will be thoroughly rehearsed beforehand, and that nobody, however distinguished, will turn up in trousers of any kind whatever who would be more properly clad in the knee-breeches of a horse-marine—for if he did the consequences might be very very serious.



"THE LIGHT BOMBASTIC."

Mr. Punch (to Lord Charles Beresford). "CALL THAT A HORNSPIPE! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A 'BREAKDOWN!'"

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CRUMBS FOR CRICKETERS.

(How to report a County Match—
Latest Style.)

THE Wessex v. Loamshire fixture was resumed to-day, 5,352 paying for admission at the turnstiles. The weather was rather doubtful, and, just before play began, W. YORKER (known to his intimates as "PIFFLES") was heard to remark to BILL STUMPS, the famous Loamshire bat, that he thought there might be a drop of rain before night.

This version of his utterance, we can assure our readers, is absolutely correct. A quite erroneous paraphrase of it appeared in last night's evening papers. On an important point like this our report, as usual, is absolutely trustworthy.

Talking of "PIFFLES," we have exclusive information to the effect that this splendid cricketer has quite got over his old dislike of boiled potatoes. Indeed, he was seen twice to replenish his plate with this form of the vegetable during lunch yesterday. He is still faithful to the same brand of tobacco.

As the celebrated ball-propeller, C. K. SHOOTER, emerged from the pavilion yesterday, he paused for three seconds at the gate, and then returned to the dressing-room to fetch his handkerchief. Our readers doubtless will remember that a similar startling incident took place in the Wessex and M.C.C. match of two seasons ago.

Good old BOB THUMPER urged the sphere to the boundary fourteen times in the course of his sparkling innings. This raises his percentage of boundary hits to other strokes to 14'6428. So his last stroke put him ahead of his rival, TOM SLOGGER, whose percentage up to date is 14'5873. The crowd was quick to notice this fact, and greeted his triumph with tremendous cheering.

Of the 79 balls sent down by JIM THUNDLER yesterday, 42 were straight, 31 were outside the off-stick, while 6 were on the leg-side. The longest interval between any two of his balls was 2 minutes, the shortest 52 seconds. These are really notable figures of enthralling interest to all who make a careful study of first-class cricket.

B. STRAYER was in great form yesterday. This magnificent bat lives in Sussex, and has played for Loamshire for the last two seasons. Tempting offers, we understand, have been made to the celebrated amateur by the Rutland Club. He has been given the refusal of a sinecure post with an income of £700, but is waiting, as he humorously put it to our reporter, to see whether Loamshire "will go one better," before making up his mind. It is by such players as Mr. STRAYER that the glorious



'ARRY AND 'ARRIET IN FRANCE.

"WHAT'S 'RÔTS'?"

"GAME."

traditions of amateur cricket are kept alive.

DICK STUMPER accounted for two batsmen yesterday, and this fine wicket-keep has now assisted in dismissing an average of 3'4 batsmen per match since the beginning of the season.

By the way, we believe that the match about which we are writing, Loamshire v. Wessex, was finished in the course of yesterday's play. We have no idea which won, and no doubt the readers of our columns will pardon this ignorance. No one cares about petty details like this nowadays.

MATADOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

["The Duke of CONNAUGHT, accompanied by the Duke of ALBA and the members of his suite, attended a bull-fight this afternoon. The chief matador, on entering the ring, saluted his Royal Highness, holding his hat in one hand and his sword in the other, and drank to the DUKE as a special honour."—*The Standard*.]

ARE we to understand that the chief matador, sword in one hand and hat in t'other, saluted H.R.H. and then tossed the goblet from point of sword to point of nose, and thence to point of chin, and so drained it? Or simply that he drank out of his hat? And was his name Señor CINQUEVALLI, or just DON LENO?

COMMENTS OF A HOUSEMAID.

(In humble emulation of the "Comments of a Countess," which have recently been adorning a weekly journal.)

EVERYBODY writes nowadays, as cook said at my last place, from countesses to kitchen-maids. Indeed Mrs. PERKINS—that's the housekeeper—says she doesn't know *how* the Sassiety papers would get on without US! The footmen listen to what's said at table, the lady's maid keeps her ears open while she's doing her mistress's hair, and the result makes a column of fashionable gossip in the *Daily Rail*.

Where I am now we are a very litterery household. BATES, the butler, is "Tatler" in the *Ladies' Mirror*. The three footmen sends paragraphs to the *Upper Ten*. My Lady's maid, Dawson, is on the staff of the *Candid Cad*, and I do a page of "Comments" every week in P.A.P., in which the doings of the drawing-room are described from the standpoint of the area. BATES says my "comments" are dreadfully cynical. I'm so glad I learnt to write at the Board School.

At my last place—the SPRATSONS, in Bayswater—there was really nothing to write about. The SPRATSONS weren't genteel at all, so I soon came away. Now I'm in Park Lane with the ROOKEMS, which is *very* different. The Countess of ROOKEM is a *reel* lady, and the title goes back to the Conquest. The first Earl blacked the Conqueror's boots. And the tenth changed sides so often in the Wars of the Roses that Mrs. PERKINS says neither side knew which of them ought to cut his head off. So he escaped with his life, and of course the family have been looked up to ever since!

The ROOKEMS, in fact, move in the *very highest circles*. They are *very* poor, but *very* proud—always an expensive combination for *somebody*! They have to know all sorts of vulgar people in order to make both ends meet; but as they despise them all the time, of course their pride doesn't suffer. Dawson says the BOUNDERBYS paid a thousand pounds for an invitation to dinner here, and then Lord ROOKEM completely ignored old BOUNDERBY after the ladies had gone! Which shows how proud the ROOKEMS are! Indeed, they are people of the highest breeding and refinement.

Lady ROOKEM wears the most wonderful toilets, and has dozens of them. She never puts on the same dress twice during the season, and has ruined five dressmakers. Her tradesmen never dare to dun her, or she would tell all her friends to get their things somewhere else, and then they'd have to shut up shop altogether. Besides, there is no use in dunning the ROOKEMS, as they never have any money, though they live at the rate of twenty thousand a year. It's a wonderful thing to be a genuine blue-blooded aristocrat! Blood *will* tell, as Dawson says!

Rookem House is a magnificent mansion, and as it is entailed the family can't sell it. My Lord wanted to let it and live quietly in the country on the rent, but my Lady said she could make ten times as much by living *in* it as by living *away from* it. And so she does. There are lots of rich manufacturers who will pay any sum for an "invite" to Rookem House during the season, and Lady ROOKEM's Bridge parties alone bring in a goodish income. However, this year the house really is let for the Coronation. Old Mr. MALTBY, the great brewer, offered ten thousand pounds for it for June and July. My Lord wanted to close, only my Lady couldn't very well be away during all the festivities. However, she went to the MALTBYs and said that for another five thousand she and Lord ROOKEM would stay on at the house during the two months as their guests! Old Mother MALTBY almost jumped out of her skin with delight at the offer, and accepted it at once. And now my Lady wishes she'd asked for more. However, fifteen

thousand is pretty good, and of course the ROOKEMS can be as rude to their hosts as they like during the two months, as the money is to be paid in advance. It would be different if they had to be *civil* to them.

The ROOKEMS are the leading people in Sassiety now, as you must know if you read the half-penny papers. When BATES brings out his novel, *Nobs and Snobs*, you will recognise them on every page. So of course they have to take the lead in all the fashionable extravagances of the day. Their dinners and their dances and their clothes cost more than anyone else's, and, what with eating too much and going to too many parties every day of the season, it's no wonder my Lady breaks down periodically. Then she goes to a Rest Cure with a lot of other over-fed and under-worked people, and is nursed back to health again. There's pleasure for you! Don't I wish I was *her*, as I say to Mrs. PERKINS!

Of course she's bored with it all. But people in really high Sassiety always *are* bored, as I say to BATES. In fact, I've never seen anybody yawn like my Lady at the play or the Opera. Even at dinner she doesn't seem to really enjoy herself. The second footman holds it's because she's stupid, and can't appreciate anything really. But then he's a socialist, BATES says.

And if she isn't happy herself she doesn't let other people be so. You should see her snub *parvenus*—when she doesn't want anything out of them. It's a treat! Just letting them see what a grand lady *she* is, and what dirt *they* are—even when they are in her own house, and have paid to be there too. As for poor people, she never notices their existence except to sneer at their clothes. Yes, my Lady is a lady!

There now, there's Mrs. PERKINS calling me, and I've all my rooms to do. Whatever am I thinking of—and my column for P.A.P. not done yet! "Coming, Mrs. PERKINS!" I really think I must give up housework and take to journalism altogether.

THE MUDDLES AT HOME.

"So His MAJESTY dined with the Second Life Guards, did he!" remarked Mrs. MUDDLE to her husband, who had just read aloud to her this item of Court news. "That's very nice. I suppose it was in state. Ah! Does it describe the—um—the sort of ceremony with which His MAJESTY was received?"

"Well," replied MATTHEW, her husband, somewhat testily, "I read it to you just now." (*Reads again.*) "Sir—"
(*Loses his place.*) "Ah! (*Finds it and continues.*) AUDLEY NEED—"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. MUDDLE, suddenly interrupting him, "that sounds odd! A Field-Marshal or a General ought to have received him, not an 'Ord'ley'! But, of course, it was quite right that an 'Orderly' should kneel."

"What on earth . . ." exclaimed the astonished MATTHEW. "But," continued his wife, "I always thought the perfect tense of kneel was 'knelt,' not 'kneel'd.' However, we live and learn. Dear me! and so the 'Orderly kneel'd,' did he? And what happened then?"

[MATTHEW hands her the paper, and exit.]

THE CORONATION CONSIDERED AT "THE ZOO."—"Two King Penguins" have arrived! But isn't this, as savouring of a divided rule, just a little overdoing it? The Shakspearian question for the other Penguins will be, "Under which King, Penguinian?—speak or die!" And then there may arise Pretender Penguins! and then—but let us not play the part of a bird of ill omen. *Absit.*

CORONATION NOTES.

WE have received some very striking designs for illuminations from the British Art Decoration Company. One consists of a row of thirteen gas jets. Another pretty fancy takes the form of the numbers 1, 9, 0, 2, placed side by side, so signifying the year of the Coronation. But perhaps the most original of the designs consists of the KING's initials, E. R. These are arranged in an entirely novel and striking manner. The clumsy old-fashioned way was to place them side by side. The British Art Decoration Company have hit upon the enterprising and ingenious idea of placing them one above the other, thus:—

E

R

The effect, as will be seen, is highly artistic and fairy-like, and gives the lie to the calumny that the British Manufacturer can never get out of a rut. When once we put our back into a thing we can easily keep pace with the foreigner. Our well-meaning but inartistic forefathers would jump could they but see how we have advanced in matters of taste.

Although the price named was a very considerable one, the KING has felt compelled to decline the offer of one of the leading American papers to write an article entitled "How it feels to be crowned."

A kind-hearted little girl, living at Putney, on being told that five hundred thousand persons were to eat the KING's dinner, burst into tears at the thought of the KING having to go without, that day.

The Special Coronation number of one of our illustrated papers will contain a portrait of the KING.

An admirable life of our KING has been issued by *Religious Bits*. It shows how by sheer perseverance our illustrious Monarch worked his way up from being mere Prince of WALES to his present exalted position. A more encouraging present for a child it would be difficult to imagine.

Our readers (and especially country subscribers) are cautioned against persons who are going about selling seats in the best positions at extremely low prices for the 28th June. It should be remembered that the processions will be over by the evening of the 27th.

The *Menteur Français* announces



ENVY.

SCENE—Miss Semple and Dawber, standing near his picture.

Miss Semple. "WHY, THERE'S A CROWD IN FRONT OF MADDER'S PICTURE!"
Dawber. "SOMEONE FAINTED, I SUPPOSE!"

that, according to its Portsmouth correspondent, the following is the official programme arranged by the British Government for the entertainment of the officers and crews of the foreign warships that will arrive for the Coronation Review. On June 23rd a torpedo boat destroyer will blow up. On June 24th there will be a collision between two of our largest iron-clads (names not yet decided). On June 25th there will be the bursting of one of our new guns. On June 26th there will take place a grand initiation of all the foreign officers into the secrets of Portsmouth Dockyard, and in the evening there will be a

Banquet at which "God bless everyone" will be sung.

At Lower Upperton a way has been found out of what at one time looked like an *impasse*. Six members of the town council are in favour of regilding the weathercock on the church tower, while a like number are in favour of providing a new pump for the marketplace. Under these circumstances the happy thought has occurred to the Mayor to let His MAJESTY himself decide in which of these two ways he would like his Coronation to be celebrated at Lower Upperton.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

III.—DOWN SOUTH.

It is Saturday night in a South London slum. Pavement and road alike are a surging human sea cloven at intervals, merely to close up again the next moment, by a rocking green omnibus. From the row of stalls with their flaring oil lamps lining one side of the road the raucous voice of the trader announces the cheapness of cabbages or the desirability of rosy meat. At the corner on our left a mob of ticketed garments swing in the breeze before a plate-glass window partially covered by a picture of Lord KITCHENER and LOUIS BOTHA concluding an international peace in check trousers. Lord KITCHENER is stipulating, apparently as a term of the treaty, that Gooch's ready-made lounge suits should be worn all over the civilised globe. Outside the public-house opposite a conjugal quarrel is proceeding, assisted by the loud simultaneous arguments of numerous partisans. A little further we pass a small tumble-down shanty displaying in its window conclusive pictorial evidence of the effects of LUGG'S Liver Lozenges; also a representation in five colours of a girl adjusting a corn-plaster—"She stoops to Corn-Cure." In the doorway a large printed notice invites the passer in seductive terms to "come in and have his blood examined."

With difficulty, and only after lengthy argument, do we eventually shake off a collarless gentleman who follows us, unable to believe that we can go home to sleep with a clear conscience without purchasing a twelve-foot roll of oil-cloth. Standing on a small platform beneath two pendent oil-lamps a fat man in dirty linen has removed his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves in order to read the characters of a small audience from their handwriting. As we pass he is informing a tousled woman with a baby that, though inclined to be a flirt, she has a good heart and is haffable alike to hequals and hinferiors. A mob of excited loud-voiced women passes us, evidently bound on some errand of violence.

"Tike me to 'er, that's all," one of them is shrieking. "She call me a mongrel! Born an' bred in this 'ere road I was, an' she knows it!"

Noise prevails everywhere, a sort of squalid gaiety; above all floats the placid moon.

We board an omnibus, mainly to avoid the unsolicited embrace of a convivial navy who identifies us as his honeysuckle. There is no room on the top, and we push our way into an atmosphere like concentrated garlic.

"Don't you tike no notice of the

Foss-light, gov'nor," observes a large passenger in the corner, plainly connected with the coal trade. "Give yer an appetite for yer supper. Sort of a relish."

"Not arf," somewhat sourly affirms a lady in a shawl next to him.

"Well, there's one thing abaht it," remarks the conductor, punching our tickets with a jovial air, "it does make the 'osses go, an' no mistake."

The bus stops to admit a puffing woman with a red face and no hat. She drags by the hand a small boy who is wearing upon his head a large black saucepan, with the handle pointing down his back. There is a sensation in the omnibus. The red-faced woman sits down heavily, and jerks the boy angrily on to the seat beside her. Everybody stares at the boy's extraordinary headgear, and for some time there is silence. Then the coally man in the corner refers to the boy by some obscure chain of reasoning as DE WET.

"Wot 'ave yer been doin' of with 'im?" inquires the conductor as he gives the woman her tickets.

"You can shut yer 'ead, my man," snaps the red-faced woman, "and mind your own bizness."

This silences the conductor, but the lady in the shawl has been looking critically at the boy for some time, and now leaps into the breach with a snort.

"I wouldn't 'ave let 'em in the bus if I was you, young man," she says, addressing the conductor.

The red-faced woman glares across at her.

"Bringin' a bloomin' BARNUM's freak in the bus," continues the lady in the shawl, "along o' respectable people."

The red-faced woman requests the lady in the shawl to shut her head.

"'E's ole DE WET, that's 'oo 'e is," observes the coally man.

"DE WET!" snorts the lady in the shawl scornfully. "It's my opinion the boy's got the small-pox."

The red-faced woman becomes a rich purple.

"Not 'im," returns the coally man. "'E's ole DE WET 'e is. Ain't yer, nipper?"

"'E's got the small-pox, that's wot's wrong with 'im," repeats the lady in the shawl.

The red-faced woman turns truculently on the lady in the shawl, and invites her to step into the road.

The lady in the shawl expresses a regret that people who can't behave as ladies should be allowed in a bus. It is her belief that both mother and son have got the small-pox.

Here the conductor has to interfere. The coally man assists the pacification by offering the boy in the saucepan a penny, which is promptly taken, only

to be grabbed and returned by the red-faced woman.

"We don't want nobody's money," she says indignantly, "an' we don't want nobody's questions."

The coally man pockets the penny again sheepishly.

"You take care as yer don't catch nothing, that's all," is the advice of the lady in the shawl.

The red-faced woman turns on her, but thinks better of it, and subsides into silence.

Nothing is said for a time, and the saucepan affair seems fated to remain a mystery. But a respectably-dressed old citizen, who had been asleep in the corner opposite the coally man, has awakened, and has for some time been staring at the boy. Suddenly he leans forward and touches the red-faced woman on the knee.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," he inquires politely, "but why does your little boy wear that saucepan on his head?"

There is an absolute explosion from the red-faced woman.

"Small-pox," cryptically explains the lady in the shawl above the din.

"Nobody can't mind their own bizness," the red-faced woman is shrieking. "Well, I'll tell yer, an' then p'raps you'll all of yer shut yer 'eads. The little devil got a-playin' about with the things, an' got the saucepan fixed on 'is fat 'ead, an' now 'e can't get it orf, an' I've got ter give up my time ter tike 'im ter the 'orspital. Now p'raps you're satisfied, all of yer."

All of us, with the exception of the lady in the shawl.

"'Orspital," she snorts; "I thought so. The 'orspital."

But here the omnibus passes the District Station, and we get out. Not before we have caught the shawl-lady's scornful comments on a well-meant suggestion from the coally man.

"Blacksmith's? Huh! Blacksmiths won't do 'er complaint much good, I know. It's the small-pox they've got, both of 'em. An' we shall all of us 'ave it termorrer."

The omnibus rumbles on and leaves us. Conscious of a feeling of sudden isolation, we enter the quiet booking-office.

"MORS" OMNIBUS.

[Amongst the motor-cars competing at Bexhill was one of a pattern known as "Mors"]

IN vain, in vain each rival Co.

With Fate endeavours to compete:

Like arrows from the lethal bow

"Les Mors vont vite."

TWO BROTHERS, in full Orders (married, one infant in arms), desire sen-side L. TCY., July.—*The Guardian*.



Young Tyro. "LOOK HERE, SHARPER, WHEN I BOUGHT THE PONY YOU SAID HE WAS JUST THE THING FOR A BEGINNER—COULDN'T MISS A BALL ON HIM. AND HE WON'T GO NEAR THE BEASTLY THING!"

Captain Sharper. "THAT'S JUST IT, DON'T YOU KNOW. YOU NEVER NEED TRY TO HIT THE BALL!"

PEGGY, A PONY.

MUCH have we talked of Juno, of Rollo and of Roy,
But little Shetland Peggy is now our only joy;
And all the great St. Bernards they eye with jealous air
Our latest toy and treasure, the tiny Shetland mare.

No dog can well imagine—and dogs can think of course—
That any shape so dwarfish can truly be a horse.
They deem her in their wisdom a sort of canine Gog,
And contemplate with anger so very large a dog.

But Peggy, dauntless Peggy, has wrinkled up her nose;
She charges down on Rollo, she tramples on his toes;
And, if he sniffs too closely, the little vixen jibs,
And, lo, a pair of hooflets strike thudding on his ribs.

Yet is she kind and gentle: the children stroke her side;
They pull her shaggy top-knot and clamour for a ride;
Diminutive but fearless, she lets herself be fed
By little human Shetlands who cluster round her head.

Then see her in her harness how well she plays her part:
Her driver sure should drag her while she sits in the cart.
But plucky little Peggy makes nothing of her load,
And like a clock her footfalls go ticking down the road.

Ten hands the lady measures—just that and nothing more:
It's only forty inches to Rollo's thirty-four.
I think we'll try them tandem, and show a turn of speed
With Peggy as the wheeler and Rollo in the lead.

In Fairyland, I warrant, are many such as she,
Or tethered to a poppy or stabled in a tree.

As Queen TITANIA's palfrey she might have kicked her heels
Or drawn in Court processions a nautilus on wheels.

Unclipped, undesecrated her coat is like a mat;
One wild rough mane her crest is: no weight could keep it
Her liquid eye is friendly, and, oh, I never knew [flat.
A mortal eye more darkly unfathomably blue.

Yet on her peat-moss litter, to luxury resigned,
She seems to catch the echoes of every stormy wind;
And, sad but uncomplaining, she seems to see the foam
Tossed from the angry breakers that beat about her home.

For, ah, she must remember that home so wild and free
Amid the wind-swept islets that stud the northern sea, [call,
Where late she snuffed the tempests and heard the curlews
Before she knew a bridle or moped within a stall.

R. C. L.

THE MOST POPULAR GAME AT CARDS, the one that has temporarily ousted Whist, will be represented in the Coronation Ceremonial, and, of all places, in Westminster Abbey! For in the gallery, where the organ is, there will be BRIDGE! Playing Bridge! And with what hands! The trumps, twelve of them at least, are all arranged for!! Is this quite fair? The players will have a heavy responsibility.

AN ANTICIPATION.—"The University of Oxford," said the *Times* last week in a leader, "is already living beyond its income." Is it to be wondered at if in future years the present blossoming generation of Oxford undergraduates blooms into full-blown prodigal sons?



Vendor of Pirated Songs. "ERE Y'ARE, LIDY! 'OLY CITY,' 'BU'UL STAR,' 'HI
CAWN'T THINK WHY HI LUBS YER, BUT HI DO!"

THE ROUND OF THE COURTS.

A Lady Client and the Opening of Term.

SHE was distinctly unconventional. Not only had she not approached me through a solicitor, but she regularly haunted my chambers with "further and better particulars." Of course it would be unprofessional to ear-mark her identity by too significant a reference to her case, but I may hint that it was not unconnected with a contested will, a disputed claim for compensation after a carriage accident, and the safeguarding of certain ancient lights.

My lady client insisted upon being present at the opening of the Courts. I could not refuse, and consequently found myself in her company in the Hall of our Palace of Justice at the time when the judges march in procession to their places on the Bench.

"You know every one, Mr. BRIEFLESS, don't you?" asked my client.

I admitted that my circle of friends and acquaintances was wide in diameter.

"Then introduce me to that person, there," and she pointed to the Lord Chief Justice.

I was slightly embarrassed, as the Chief was otherwise engaged. However, fortunately, I was relieved for the moment, as my client elected to foregather (through my proposed agency) with an equity judge, two Lord Justices of Appeal, and the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

"They may come in useful," she murmured, and I knew her thoughts were fixed on her litigation.

I appeased her thirst for introductions by suggesting that when their lordships returned to their duties in their respective Courts, then the absolutely appropriate moment for mutual civilities would be reached.

Subsequently I had the honour of escorting the lady through the corridors.

"I suppose you know all the judges?" queried my fair client.

"I have the honour of what may be termed a nodding acquaintance," was my reply.

I need scarcely say that my statement was founded on the dignified courtesy that causes Bench and Bar to exchange, at the sitting and rising of the Court, gracious greetings.

"Let us go in here," suggested my client, pushing her way into Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division No. 1. I was forced to follow her lead.

The case fortunately was one dealing with the mysteries of navigation. A badly-guided steamer had caused the foundering of a luckless coaler. The judge, assisted by Trinity Masters, was trying to discover which batch of witnesses was telling the truth, and which was guilty of premeditated deception.

The badge of authority placed before the Court attracted my client's attention.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to the silver symbol.

I explained as well as I could, for my knowledge on the subject was incomplete, the purport of the implement.

"Can't you introduce me to those nice-looking naval officers?"

I suggested that, as the Court was sitting, the action might be considered as savouring of contempt.

"Well, at least you might let me know the judge."

Again I explained the etiquette that governs the relations of Bench and Bar.

"But the judge seems to be on very good terms with those gentlemen in wigs seated at the front desk."

I told my fair client that my learned friends were engaged in the case, and consequently had the right of audience.

"Why, are you not in the case? I thought you were in every case."

"My dear Madam," I said somewhat impatiently, "you really have made a mistake. I am not frequently pleading, because my practice is chiefly conducted in chambers. It is not very showy, but is none the less sound on that account."

"Sound or unsound," retorted the Lady Client, "all I can say is, that in future when I have any litigation, I shall have nothing to do with you, but shall conduct my cases in person."

On consideration, perhaps it was as well.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ONCE MORE.—A daily paper states that WILLIAM ROBB has been sentenced at Glasgow to sixty days for stealing bag-pipes. Why did WILLIAM ROBB? Because it was his nature to bag pipes.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—May 28, 1902.



BATHER "ROCKY."

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BAKER. "HANG ON, BILLY! WE'LL TRY AND DODGE 'EM SOMEHOW!"

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ANOTHER STATUE.

SCENE—A room in the Palace of Tsarskoe Selo. The French President pacing up and down, anxiously reading a telegram. Enter the TSAR.

Tsar. Bon jour, M. LOUBET. Tenez, vous avez l'air triste, agité! Vous n'avez pas bien dormi? Votre lit est trop dur?

President. Ah non, Sire! Un lit des plus moelleux. Une chambre délicieuse, d'un goût exquis.

Tsar. Cependant, il y a quelque chose qui vous ennuie.

Pres. Je suis désolé, Sire. J'ai honte d'avoir l'air triste chez vous. N'en parlons plus.

Tsar. Au contraire. Voyons donc. Ne sommes-nous pas amis et alliés? (*Coaxingly.*) Dites-le moi.

Pres. Eh bien, tant mieux. Je vais vous demander un petit conseil. (*Solemnly.*) Je viens de recevoir une dépêche de l'Empereur GUILLAUME.

Tsar. Seulement ça? Ah, mon cher M. LOUBET, ça arrive à tout le monde! C'est une obsession pour lui, ce pauvre GUILLAUME. Toujours des dépêches! Et à propos de quoi?

Pres. (sadly). D'une statue.

Tsar (cheerfully). Encore une statue! C'est épatant!

Pres. (despondently). Cela se peut. Mais c'est très, très gênant quand même.

Tsar. Vraiment? C'est encore une statue de FRÉDÉRIC?

Pres. Non. Tenez, voilà la dépêche.

Tsar (reads). "Monsieur le Président de la République Française, Saint-Petersbourg. Je désire offrir à la grande nation française un chef-d'œuvre de l'art allemand, une copie (brevetée, S.G.D.G.) en bronze de la statue de mon illustre grandpère, GUILLAUME le Grand, sculptée en marbre par le Wirkliche Geheimrath Oberhofbildhauer Professor Doktor MÜLLER. J'ai étudié soigneusement le plan de Paris, et j'ai trouvé la Place de l'Opéra absolument au centre. C'est là que je vous prierais de faire poser ce beau morceau, haut de vingt mètres, Malheureusement je ne connais pas ce site renommé, mais on m'a dit qu'il y a tout autour des réclames lumineuses, dont les reflets jailliront sur mon petit cadeau. Ainsi, jour et nuit, la statue de mon illustre grandpère sera visible, en signe des goûts si exquis et de l'amitié si tendre qui réunissent nos deux nations, les plus artistiques du monde. GUILLAUME."

Pres. (faintly, sinking into a chair). Eh bien?

Tsar. Mon cher ami! Voyons, voyons! Buvez ce verre d'eau. Du courage! Il y a toujours un moyen.

Pres. Mais il faut répondre en alle-



BE CALM.

Fond Mother (at the Corporation Ball given in honour of the Earl of Lumpkey). "SO SORRY, MR. PRYM, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE MY DAUGHTER. SHE IS KEEPING HERSELF COOL TO DANCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP!"

mand, comme ROOSEVELT, et je n'en sais pas un mot.

Tsar. C'est très difficile, l'allemand. Pourquoi pas en français?

Pres. Mais non. Il y a toujours cette réponse de ROOSEVELT. C'est comme un protocole.

Tsar. En anglais, alors. Je vous aiderai.

Pres. (tearfully). Ah merci, mon ami! Que vous êtes aimable!

Tsar (reads). "Emperor WILLIAM, Berlin. Delighted receive statue. Will arrange site with municipality. Best wishes. LOUBET." Je vais vous lire ça en français (*reads again*).

Pres. C'est un peu bref, n'est-ce pas? Il manque quelque chose? Ah, je m'en souviens. Il faut "yours truly" à la fin.

Tsar. Mais non.

Pres. Mais si, mais si. Toujours, en anglais.

Tsar. Eh bien! "Yours truly, LOUBET."

Pres. C'est ça. Superbe! Irréprochable! Tout ce qu'il y a de plus correct!

Tsar. Alors, c'est fini, mon cher ami?

Pres. Pas du tout. Où allons-nous mettre ce fichu monument? Comment puis-je expliquer ça à MILLERAND, et à tous ces Ministres, s'il y en a des Ministres? Ah, mon Dieu, que faire? Si je pouvais refuser ce sacré cadeau!

Tsar. Impossible! Il faut encore imiter ROOSEVELT, qui va cacher sa statue dans l'arsenal de Washington. N'y a-t-il pas un petit coin de Paris, une impasse quelconque, un lieu désert—

Pres. Désert? Il y a le Palais Royal. Mais non, on y va quelquefois, au Théâtre.

Tsar. Alors, un peu plus loin?

Pres. Le Champ de Mars? Tenez, la Tour Eiffel! Au sommet. Il n'y a jamais personne, sauf des voyageurs Cook, et des Allemands. (*Gloomily.*) Ah, mais non! Une statue haute de vingt mètres serait trop lourde. Pas moyen! Ma foi!

Tsar. C'est dommage. Il doit avoir quelque part un lieu ombragé.

Pres. Au Bois? Mais le Bois est très fréquenté. D'ailleurs, on n'est jamais pressé là-bas, on flâne, on a toujours le temps, on peut regarder. (*Covers his face with his hands.*) Ah, mon Dieu, c'est effroyable!

Tsar. Alors, il vous faut un lieu sombre, mal éclairé, où l'on est pressé.

Pres. (*jumping up eagerly.*) Ah sapristi, je l'ai trouvé! Le Métropolitain!

Tsar. A la bonne heure! C'est encore mieux que l'arsenal de ROOSEVELT.

Pres. (*gleefully.*) Mais oui. Dans le nouveau Métropolitain Montmartre-Montparnasse, le chef-d'œuvre de l'art allemand couché par terre dans le tunnel. Nous allons mettre la statue Place de l'Opéra, mais en dessous.

(*They walk briskly off, arm in arm, to déjeuner.*)

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.

(*A Peep into the Future.*)

HOOLIGAN (30th S. viii. 11).—There seems little doubt that this word is a corruption of "Hookey-gang," and was used to denote a ring of financiers who attained considerable celebrity towards the close of the last century, their leader, a person named HOOKEY, being renowned at all the swimming baths in the country for his skill in plunging and floating. His second name, TERAH, is also perpetuated in the "Terah Campaign," which he conducted with great courage in the London Law Courts, and his christian name is probably alluded to in a contemporary comedy named *The Importance of being Ernest*.

W. E. H. L.

I have read somewhere that there was a catchword formerly in vogue in Ireland, "Who's Hooligan?" which may be connected with the term Hooligan. Personally I feel quite convinced that the true key to its meaning is to be found in the first syllable, which disguises the christian name of an eminent controversialist, Lord HUGH CECIL PRICE HUGHES, eldest son of the Marquis of SALISBURY, President of the Wesleyan Conference, and author of *The Atheist Shoemaker*. Lord HUGH, who resigned his pastorate in order to enter Parliament, formed a cave on the Conservative side, the other members of which were JOHN PAGE HOPPS (of

Burton), WINSTON CHURCHILL and JOHN KENSIT—to whom the name of "Hooligans" was soon applied. O. O.

LABBY (30th S. viii. 239).—There seems little doubt that "Labby" is a vulgarisation of L'Abbé, and stands for an eminent Roman Catholic theologian whose real name was Father IGNATIUS DONNELLY. W. W.

PRO-BOER (30th S. viii. 59).—Inasmuch as this epithet was unquestionably applied to "LABBY," I have come to the conclusion that it is a corruption of Pro-Boar, i.e. a term of contempt employed by the Shakespeareans to designate their opponents in the great Baconian controversy. L. C.

"LABBY" was, I have always understood, the pseudonym adopted by a humorous writer of the twentieth century, author of *A Ramp Abroad*; or, *The Celestial Pilgrim's Progress*, a sequel to a similarly entitled work by an American preacher named MARK TWAIN. W. D. A.

Is not the LABBY about whom your correspondent inquires the professional diver who, at the end of the nineteenth century and beginning of the twentieth, lived for many years at the bottom of a well in an Aquarium at St. Anne's Gate, under the delusion that he represented Truth? MUNDUS.

THE FOUR ELIZABETHS (30th S. viii. 193).—The rhyme for which VINDEK asks used to run as follows in my young days:—

"ELIZABETH, BETSEY, BESSY and BESS,
Went into the garden to find a bird's nest."

According to the memoir on the subject by GRÜTZMACHER, of Leipzig, the rhyme is a catch for children—all the four names standing for one; but this opinion hardly commends itself to the modern scientific mind. Dr. STONYBROKE holds that the ELIZABETHS were four, and that they were Queen ELIZABETH, ELIZABETH of Bohemia, ELIZABETH of the German Garden (where the bird's nest was), and ELIZABETH who paid the Visits. This, if true, affords a curious side-light on the female company kept by good Queen BESS. JOLLIWELL-COLLIPS, on the other hand, has it that the lines are pure satire upon the outburst of gardening literature at the end of the Victorian period, all of which was either written by ELIZABETH, or was concerned with heroines of that name. The bird's nest, he holds, is symbolical of the profits the authors hoped to make (cp. oof-bird).

JONATHAN PETERSON, M.A.

Your correspondent, JONATHAN PETERSON, is wrong in his transcription of the old rhyme. It should be "mare's nest," not "bird's nest." The lines

undoubtedly refer to Mrs. ELIZABETH GALLUP's work on the Baconian theory. S. L.

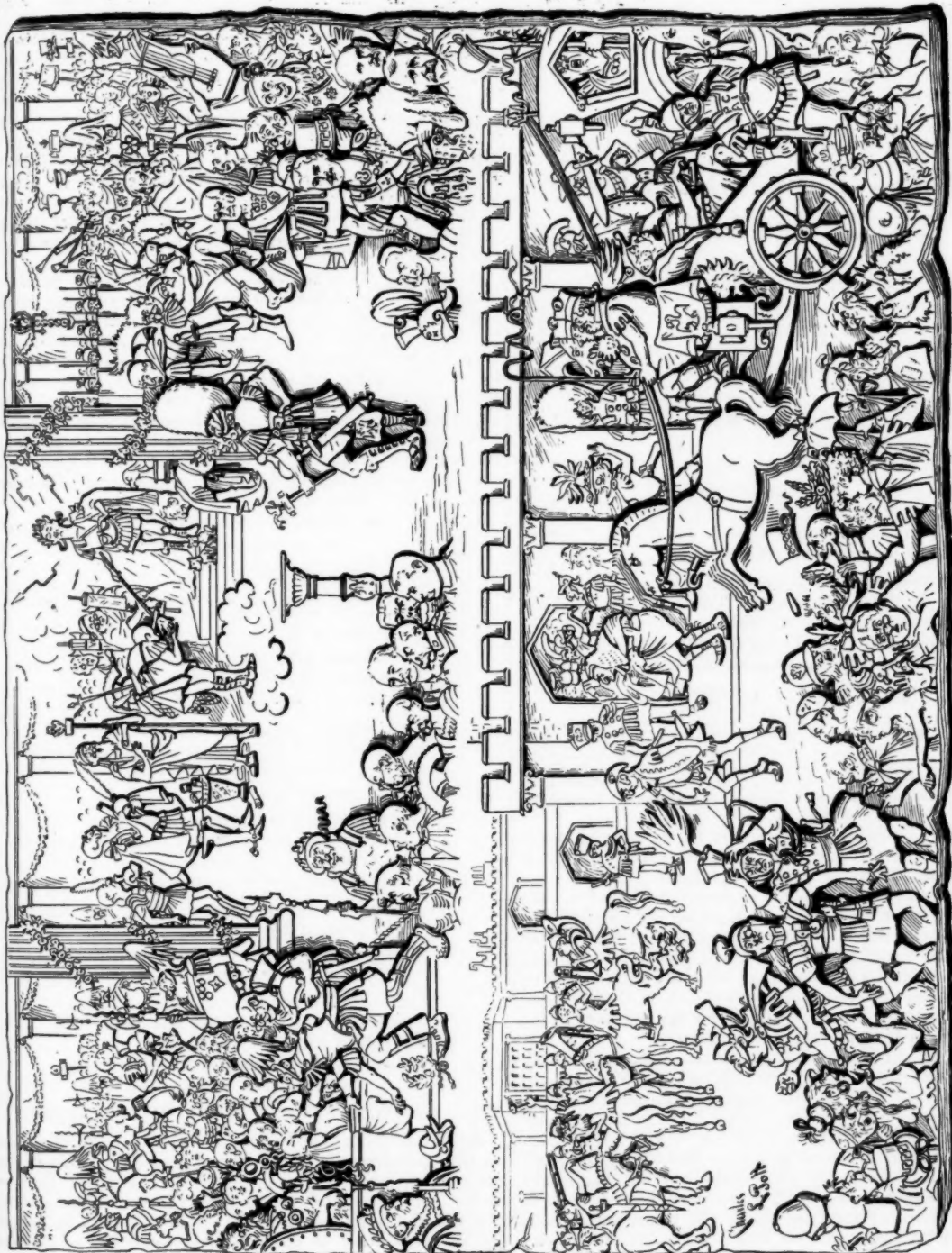
MAFFICKING (30th S. viii. 24).—May not this obscure term, which seems to be connected with outbursts of violence at the close of the nineteenth century, be derived from Mafia or Mafia, the Sicilian Secret Society? Mafficking might then be the name of the leader of this society—Maffia-King. Another and even more plausible derivation connects the word with MAHAFFY, an Irish chieftain of great ferocity who flourished at this period. To "Maffick" or "Mahaffick" would then mean to conduct oneself in the manner of MAHAFFY, i.e., in an exuberant and combative fashion. H. W. C.

PING-PONG (30th S. viii. 270).—How our national game got its name I do not know, but I have always understood it was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century by a popular banjo-player of that day named RUDYARD KIPLING, as an antidote to the seriousness which then menaced England. Possibly, in the twang of his banjo strings, which resembles the sound "Ping-Pong," the title of the pastime originated. W. G. G.

Did not our national game take its name from a Chinese diplomatist resident in England at the time of the Wei-Hai-Wei negotiations? I seem to remember hearing my grandmother say so. H. SPENCER.

YORKER (30th S. viii. 49).—The origin of this phrase is lost in mystery. All that we know is that it was a term used in cricket, a game played in England and Australia before the rise of Ping-Pong. I remember hearing my grandfather say that it described a certain kind of ball; in which case it would probably be the favourite delivery of Prince EDWARD of York. He cannot, however, have had any monopoly of it, for in a contemporary account of a match between Middlesex and Yorkshire I find a reference to the Yorkers of ALBERTO and the JACKER, although neither of these names occurs in the score. Cricket annals are, however, so filled with mystery and neologisms that the wise etymologist will give them a wide berth. P. P.

Marie Corelli (30th S. xiii. 94).—Name generally supposed to have been borne by a famous musician, who invented a trumpet of her own on which she played with extraordinary skill. But from evidence supplied by the great Pipe roll, where frequent mention of MARIE CORELLI is made in connection with the "Ardath Mixture," I am inclined to believe that she was engaged in the tobacco trade. ANDREW TADDY.



A LEVEE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD. INTRA ET EXTRA.

[From a rare old fresco (not) in ye British Museum.]

A FLEET IN LIMBO;

Or, *The Truant Thames Steamers.*

[It is announced that, in the Coronation year, when London will be crowded with visitors, the Thames steamers will not be run.]

WHAT shall we do without our Daisy,
Lobelia, Primrose, Snowdrop, Fern,
Flow'rs of a fleet whose ways were crazy
And early-Victorian, stem to stern?

Where are the Jessamine, Fuchsia, Thistle,
Botanic, romantic and nautical freaks?
Summer's awaiting the Spring's dismissal,
And have they, we ask, all turned to Le(a)ks?

Where is the Orchid, we vainly query,
And where the Palm of yesteryear?
Are they of cockney wit grown weary
And gone to a less sarcastic sphere?

Prince and Princess and Boadicea
And fair Cleopatra and River Queen—
All of them shrink from the bare idea,
In a Royal season, of being seen!

Cardinal Wolsey's a fresh quietus,
And Pilot has steered to Heav'n knows where!
Shy Alexander's afraid to meet us,
Penelope's sunk in dire despair!

Phyllis from work has neatly vanished,
While Mermaid is submarine again;
Giddy Nerissa has now been banished,
Diana from chasing must refrain!

Such is the Thames's gay condition
In Anno Domini Nineteen-Two!
Such is the singular exhibition
We're giving for foreign eyes to view!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

[“At the conclusion . . . the large and delighted audience called for Mrs. KENDAL. To the surprise of the people, however, the band kept on playing, and continued to do so after Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL . . . had appeared before the curtain. The members of the band were evidently determined to prevent any speeches. . . . Newspapers and other things were thrown at the bandmen, and for upwards of ten minutes the house was in an uproar.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THERE are evidently depths in the potentiality of music which as yet have hardly been sounded. Why should it not be used to silence the political speaker? Thus:—

Monday.—“A close contest is expected at Slumston. Sir JOHN JONES, the Conservative Candidate, has engaged the Blue Hungarian Band, and has erected a stand for it in the market-place in front of the Town Hall. Mr. EZEKIEL BROWN, the Liberal Candidate, has informed our representative that for the present the instrumentalists of the Slumston Militia will support his interests. Their stand is also in the market-place in front of the Corn Exchange.”

Tuesday.—“Sir JOHN JONES gesticulated from his bandstand yesterday morning from ten till one, to the accompaniment of patriotic airs by the opposing musicians. It is understood that he also spoke, but after the initial “Ladies and Gentlemen,” nothing was audible. In the afternoon, from two till five, Mr. BROWN struck an attitude on his bandstand, but the praiseworthy energy of the Blue Hungarians rendered it impossible to detect whether Mr. BROWN spoke or not. One brickbat was thrown at the conductor. Both parties are confident, but it is understood that Mr. BROWN has the greater quantity of brass at his disposal.”

Wednesday.—“The canvassing has assumed the air of a political Eisteddfod. Both candidates have realised that speaking is out of the question, and are relying more and

more on their instruments to obstruct the other side. The Colonial Secretary has wired to Sir JOHN JONES in the following terms: ‘Keep it up. Add more wind. Am sending orchestral score of my recitative and air, ‘Every Seat Lost.’ Sing if can. Ought turn scale.”

Thursday.—“Sir JOHN has created a decided impression by singing ‘Every Seat Lost’ through a megaphone to the accompaniment of his massed orchestra, which has been largely strengthened by the addition of two and a half German bands and a large part of the Slumston Orchestral Society. In spite of the Liberal efforts, rendered more formidable by a merry-go-round orchestration, five buglers, three Highland pipers, and a monkey-organ, Sir JOHN’s voice was distinctly heard two or three times.”

Friday.—“Slight disturbances have occurred to-day. There are now five hundred and three instrumentalists in the market-place.”

Saturday.—“We regret to report disgraceful scenes at Slumston. The electors, weary (apparently) of the music, and unable to get into the market-place, have broken into the houses round it and, according to a telegram just received, are throwing everything on which they can lay their hands at the candidates and their supporters out of the windows. Sir JOHN JONES’ orchestra, though he himself is partially protected by the megaphone which he has placed over his head, is becoming demoralized by a constant shower of eggs, boots, hairbrushes and other things. Some persons unknown are playing on Mr. BROWN’s bandstand with a fire-hose out of an upper window.”

Later.—“The police have intervened.”

A PALINODE.

[“The fascination of clothes encourages self-respect, and demands self-repression in its devotees.”—*Lady’s Pictorial*]

DEAR DAPHNE, ah! forgive me, pray,
Who once reproached you in my haste
In such an inconsiderate way
With your extravagance and waste.

As I surveyed your hats and gowns—
Those most bewitching frocks and frills—
I vexed you with forbidding frowns,
Only considering the bills.

But now with penitent surprise,
As you your costly dresses don,
Most humbly do I recognise
How self-repression spurs you on.

Yes, with a duly chastened mind
The paradox I wonder at,
Much virtue in a frock to find,
And self-denial in a hat.

Only this will not be ignored—
While reckoning ruefully the price,
My slender income can’t afford
The cost of such self-sacrifice.

THE NEW “COMBINE!” TREE THE TRIGAMIST!!

MISS TERRY (ELLEN) and Mrs. KENDAL (MADGE) representing WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE’S Two Merry Wives (they can’t be too merry for us!) are both engaged to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, of course by kind permission of Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE (MAUD), who will naturally, as “sweet Anne Page,” have her say in the matter. What a delightfully sparkling and perfect Tree-o, the composition of the Lessee, Manager and Leading Actor at Her Majesty’s (“three single gentlemen rolled into one” as *Falstaff*), to be performed by ELLEN, MADGE, and “MAUD, MAUD, MAUD!” Chorus, gentlemen, if you please.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the first chapter of *An Onlooker's Note Book* (SMITH, ELDER) there shines a pretty sentence. "To-day, no one (worth mentioning) is cocksure." Yet the Onlooker is a bold man, given to discussing fearlessly the manners and attainments of other people. Probably even his searching glance has not discovered in Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL a tendency to what Mr. PIGOTT spelt "hesitancy" to affirm unflinching opinion upon passing persons and current events. He has much to say in his latest commentary, and is pretty certain of everything. On the whole, he is disappointed with his fellow men. Nor does woman please him either. Our manners have deteriorated. Our motives grown meaner. Over us all is the blight spread by the South African helot who lives in Park Lane. Amongst other practices against which the Onlooker takes up his parable, is that of "social journalism." By way of illustrating his theme he gives us (for 7s. 6d.) 339 pages of social journalism illumined by moral reflections. As he observes, *à propos* of somebody else's bottles, "well-connected people have before now written very readable books." Such an one is *An Onlooker's Note Book*, with its bitter flavour of an earlier volume called *The Book of Snobs*. Apart from the pleasure of seeing friends and acquaintances pin-pricked, the book contains many excellent stories and some facts. Among the latter my Baronite observes a statement carrying a step further common knowledge of an important historical event. Everyone knows that after the defeat of Mr. DISRAELI at the General Election of 1880, Queen VICTORIA "sent for" Lord HARTINGTON. It is further known that after an interview with Her MAJESTY he returned to town and on the next day again repaired to Windsor. After which Mr. GLADSTONE received command to form a Ministry. Onlooker states that in the interval between the two visits, Lord HARTINGTON, upon the direct injunction of the Queen, saw Mr. GLADSTONE and proposed that he should serve in a Ministry of which Lord HARTINGTON was to be the nominal chief. Mr. GLADSTONE, as events proved, did not see matters in that light.

The author of *Mona Maclean* will always command a wide circle of charmed readers. They will not be disappointed by her latest effort, *The Way of Escape* (BLACKWOOD). As in her masterpiece the heroine is a bright, clever, wayward girl, who makes her own history, and when trouble comes upon her, bears it bravely, almost blithely. The tragedy that underlies the story is so delicately treated (wherein Dr. MARGARET TODD differs from



Bobbie (dictating letter to his sister, whom he has "squared" into writing for him). "DEAR MISS BROWN, PLEASE XCUSE BOBBIE FOR NOT BEAN AT SCHOOL SINSE TEWSDAY HAS HE AS ADD TOWTHAKE ON TEWSDAY AND ON WEDNESDAY HE BROKE IS HARM AND HE AD TO GO TO A PARTY YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. IF HE DOES NOT COME TO-MORROW IT WILL BE BECAUSE A BOY THRU A STOAN AT IS I.—YOURS TROOLY, BOBBIE'S MOTHER."

some of her sex) that an innocent young thing like my Baronite entirely missed the clue, and when suspicion darkened had to hark back to find it. It is a little disappointing to find the author apparently does not recognise the cowardly cad she has created in that light o' Edinburgh, Dr. Willoughby. Possibly that is only her art. Vera is a fine conception, admirably worked out, living a noble unselfish life, albeit smirched with early stain. Her way of escape is literally through the fire. Why didn't Dr. MARGARET put her learned brother, Dr. Willoughby, into the midst of the pyre? Professional forbearance may sometimes be carried too far.

At *Sunwich Port* (GEO. NEWNES, LTD.), by W. W. JACOBS, is delightful. As Mr. Dick Swiveller, were he reviewing

this book, might appropriately say, "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care you can't do better than take a good draught of W. W. JACOBS." In his short stories, to the Baron's thinking (and for his reading), Mr. JACOBS is at his best; but, "for a' that and a' that," the yarn about Sunwich Port, for eccentric character, for Meissonier-like workmanship with the pen, and for fine perception of humour in incidents of ordinary everyday life will be hard to beat. The plot, perhaps, may be a trifle tangled, and not too easy to follow, yet, apart from story, such chapters as XI., XII., and XIII. are perfect in themselves, and can be taken up at any time, to the huge contentment of the appreciative reader. And so says THE CHEERY BARON DE B.-W.

OPERATIC NOTES.



GOING AHEAD WITH THE WAGNERIAN CYCLE.

WHAT the *habitués* are beginning to exercise themselves about — though at present 'tis only the low grumblings that are sure signs of a volcanic eruption at no far distant time — is that the ancient landmarks have been done away with. Considerable improvements there are, as we all saw last year; but the *entr'acte* loungers sadly miss the stall entrances right and left, which are now blocked up, the space, formerly devoted to the Lorgnetting Division, being filled by private boxes, which of course means two additions to the cash-box of the Opera.

Now the lounge, who loved to drop into these little by-paths of the house, and from the obscurity at the back use his *lorgnette*, as the gardener would a horticultural instrument, to rake the *parterre*; or who, if he were a lady-killer, would, as a rifleman in safe ambush, shoot such glances at the "pretty ladies" as were intended to be killing, but which, failing to reach their mark, were scarcely even dangerous; such lounge, the faithful *habitué*, finds his occupation gone, for if he would *lorgnetter*, he must either stand up in his stall, a position too conspicuous and uncomfortable for a society sharpshooter, or he must descend the staircase on either side of the orchestra, to turn up in the lobby, where he can meet with persons he may not want to see, but cannot see persons whom he might like to meet, or, as the "observed of all observers" in the centre pit-tier boxes, he can, as jauntily as may be, descend by the staircase at the back, thereby "going under" and temporarily effacing himself in the sub-lobby, a most luxurious and reposeful place, whence the *entr'acte* cigarette is not banished. It would not surprise your present operatic reporter were the old Fops' Alley, or rather, the old alley for the most modern representatives of the Fops, to be, next year, restored.

En attendant, the Opera goes along steadily; but I am inclined to fancy that so far MELBA's was the night, when good old *Rigoletto* was played, and the new tenor distinguished himself, as it has been my privilege already to inform you.

On Wednesday last there was a good performance of that nice light and Wagnerian-pantomimic opera, which should be entitled *Siegfried and the Dragon*, or, *Harlequin Wotan Knight we're having!*

Mime (the clown) by Herr REISS, excellent. Herr PENNY-READING (PENNARINI) as *Siegfried* (afterwards *Harlequin*) doesn't bring his value up to Twopennyreading. VAN ROOY excellent as *Der Wanderer*. DAVID BISHAM good as *Alberich*. Effective is Herr BLASS as *Fafner*; but, Blass us and save us, isn't this name just the very one for a singer who has to play the part of giant, and turn himself into a dragon with a long and a very moving tale, in quite three volumes, and an extra volume of smoke before he is extinguished? Do not remember a dragon like him in any pantomime. Is *Fafner* or *Alberich* "afterwards *Pantaloon*"? But strange to see all this gravely done to solemn music, as though it were a party of children playing at opera, or a performance by mediæval mystery actors at Christmas-time before King, Queen, and Court!

Madame NORDICA as *Brünnhilde*, charming. Regret the impossibility of waiting for the transformation scene, when I am sure she would have been quite irresistible as *Columbine*.

Madame SORRINO, who, as *Stimme des Waldoegels*, might have been expected to be "up a tree," proved herself an accomplished mistress of music in all its branches. She, as "The Woodbird" (not of the mechanical "Cocky-olly" species, that being screwed, though perfectly sober, on to a table, would wag its head and tail, while a weight swung to and fro below it, though never note did it utter) was "in the lime-tree," where I suppose the lime-light man, acting as temporary bird-catcher, had lime-twigg'd her, and so prevented her flight.

As for Mme. METZGER, as *Erda*, well, when I've 'erd her again I will give you, or lend you, my valuable opinion.

Friday, May 23. — Whatever the weather may be outside, here 'tis a perfect WAGNER night. *Tristan und Isolde*. VAN DYCK, mindful of great ancestor, gives us singing portrait of hero, and comes off with flying colours. Herr KLOPPER musically and dramatically "makes his (*König*) Mark." Van ROOY forcible as *Kurvenal*. M. COLSAUX, singing *Melot* as *Melot-dramatically*, is eminently satisfactory. Mme. KIRKBY-LUNN makes of *Brangäne* a powerful Lady-Macbethian character actuated by Wagnerian motives.

As to Madame NORDICA's *Isolde*! how it has improved since '98 ("who fears to speak of '98?" At all events Madame NORDICA need not), when she played it with JEAN DE RESZKE, and when, whatever was the situation, no matter in what opera it might be, she used always, like the plucky pugilist, to "come up smiling." But now Madame NORDICA does not "smile as she was wont to smile;" she acts; she throws herself into the part, and a better *Isolde*, since ALBANI, who played it six years ago, it would be difficult to name. There is no space here left for details. But I should say the most enthusiastic Wagnerites would express themselves satisfied with the performance to-night under the vigorous conducting of Signor MANCINELLI.

The new scenery by Messrs. HICKS and BROOKE is most effective. The waterfall and running stream, which, were the opera played every night, would be in for a much longer run, may, I suppose, be safely credited to Mr. BROOKE — the name being evidently appropriate. Queen ALEXANDRA present; a most interested and appreciative listener.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

[We are now celebrating the centenary of trousers.]

Of older days have poets sung
In strains of undiluted passion,
When rapiers with footsteps swung,
When ruffs and frills were all the fashion.
Now time's gone up by several pegs,
And rapiers are changed to Mausers,
And we conceal our shapely legs
Beneath the artifice of trousers.

And shall no poet sing this day,
Which marks the hundredth year that tailors
Have made them tight, wide, brown or gray,
To suit all tastes, from "dudes" to sailors?
Nay—let us greet this joyous year
With songs and cheers that grow to rousers,
When every male unites to wear
On every day some sort of trousers.

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR SIR HENRY IRVING (in view of the great success of the revival of *Faust*):—

"Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota; di
Audivere, Lyce."